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THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and health; to love, honour, and to obey." With a truer heart, with more devout earnestness,
No. 154, 1854.

never did woman proffer that solemn vow than Rose Vivian, as she stood before the spot where she had come to link her destiny with that of Herbert Graham. No congratulating friends or relations were gathered round the bridal pair, to accompany

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them with good wishes and invoke a blessing upon their union. They were alone, excepting a faithful servant, who would not leave her young mistress, even when in error—and after having in vain attempted to prevent her disobedience, had shared her flight from her home, and was now present at her marriage—and an old physician, a man of gentle and benevolent appearance, a friend of Herbert's, whom he had prevailed upon to be witness to the ceremony.

The little group looked scared and cheerless. It was a dreary morning, the rain fell in heavy torrents against the church windows, and it was so dark that lights had to be placed before the clergyman to enable him to read the service, which he did in a voice so low and hurried as scarcely to break the oppressive silence that prevailed.

It was the old story of affection crossed, and leading on at last to open and irretrievable rebellion. Rose's father, general Vivian, was a man of good family and large estates, which, however, as he had no son, were entailed upon a distant relation, and the pride of birth and position he would have concentrated upon a direct male heir had always been turned to his three fair daughters and their advantageous settlement in life. The two eldest somewhat disappointed him in their marriages, which, though presenting no grounds for opposition, were not as brilliant as his ambitious hopes had led him to anticipate; but he sought a compensation in the schemes he had formed concerning his youngest and favourite Rose. Unhappily, at the very moment when all smiled upon him, and he flattered himself that Rose was being brought round to accept the addresses of one who possessed both wealth and influence, she met Herbert Graham, and the dreams and plans of years were swept away.

The son of a well-known London auctioneer and estate agent, with ample means at his disposal, a handsome and winning exterior, some mental cultivation, and much enthusiasm for all that was attractive in art or beautiful in nature, Herbert Graham was peculiarly fitted to captivate a gentle sensitive girl, who had not seen much beyond the bluff country gentlemen and keen sportsmen the general delighted to assemble round him. Before requiring his son to commence the career he himself pursued, Mr. Graham had permitted him to travel some time in Italy, and there the sojourn of a year, amid the seductive charms of its sunny, idling, pleasure-seeking life, the familiar intercourse with society of rank and position superior to his own, the grace and refinement of the circles in which he found himself eagerly sought and welcomed, sufficed to rivet his tastes and mar his fortunes.

Herbert soon learned to look with invincible dislike upon the pursuits for which he knew himself intended, and when at last compelled by his father to return to England, he unceasingly incurred his displeasure by his listlessness in all that related to business, and the eagerness with which he seized upon every pretext for evading it. The attempt to keep up the fashionable acquaintances he had made in Italy, to vie with their expenditure and enter into their amusements, proved another subject of discord; for Mr. Graham, though proud of his descent from an old Scotch ancestor, had none of his son's overweening deference for mere

title, and, from his professional experiences, often warned him against the foolish young lordlings whose friendship he so coveted. But his remonstrances and advice were alike disregarded, till finally Herbert put the finishing stroke to their misunderstandings by falling in love with the daughter of a person who professed the utmost contempt and abhorrence for all and everything connected with trade, and who declared he would as soon give his Rose to the lowest shop-boy in the united kingdom as to Herbert Graham, the auctioneer's son!

Irritated by this taunt, Mr. Graham, who on his part disliked or ridiculed soldiers most cordially, in return was as peremptory as the general in forbidding Herbert ever more to entertain a thought of Miss Vivian's hand.

Poor Rose! She had no mother living to confide in, to soothe her, to intercede with the angry father whose storms of passion terrified yet did not convince her. She promised, she struggled to obey, and for a time thought she had succeeded; but then Herbert's letters would come, Herbert's reproachful letters, and all would be undone. It nearly broke, in the conflict, that tender clinging heart, for she loved her father dearly, and till Herbert came had not dreamed of the terrible possibility of wilfully forsaking him. And yet it arrived at last, and before day-break, one November morning, Rose Vivian undutiously fled from the roof that had sheltered her for twenty-one happy years. At a short distance from the house Herbert was in waiting. He lifted her in his arms, and placed her almost senseless in the carriage; her cloak was heavy with the rain, and her long hair had fallen from its fastening, and shaded her fair young face, which was pale and rigid with emotion. Every moment might lead to detection, so they did not delay even to attempt to restore her; but as they drove rapidly on towards London, her trusty Jane held up her drooping form, while Herbert chafed the cold hands which were so tightly clenched he could with difficulty unclasp them.

Till that hour, perhaps, he had never justly estimated the extent of the sacrifice she made, or of the struggle she had undergone. He felt it then however, in its entire fulness, and silently but fervently did he vow that the devotion of his entire life should attest his gratitude and love.

A few hours brought them to London, and to the door of the church where Herbert had appointed his friend Dr. Grey to meet them. Rose had now revived, and she walked firmly up the aisle to the altar railings, where the clergyman awaited her. Her whole heart and soul were bound up in her love for Herbert, and at that moment remorse for the past, misgivings for the future, all were equally forgotten. She came prepared to devote her life to his; to sacrifice every thought of individual happiness, except what might tend to his benefit; to defer implicitly to his will, in his behalf patiently to suffer, joyfully to hope; to pray for him; ah! yes, for him and with him too! She had always dwelt on this, on the awakening him to a sense of religion and a delight in its observances, as the crown of her endeavours. Much of this, unconsciously to herself, was mere sentiment; for had her religious convictions been sufficiently deep, they must have prevented the

step of filial disobedience which we have now recorded. With a woman's fond credulity, however, believing in his assurances that even as she willed, so it should be, she now exulted in the conviction that as with one heart they loved for earth, so with one heart would they soon look towards heaven.

Thus, strong in her purpose towards him, did Rose plight her faith; and when all was ended, and Herbert, raising her from her knees, bent down, and with a kiss upon her forehead, as if to ratify their contract, called her his own dear WIFE, there was no cloud upon the up-turned face that met his proud admiring gaze, no sadness in the loving eyes that were raised so confidently to his.

They were married; death alone could part them now; and Herbert breathed more freely. On leaving the church they repaired to the house of Dr. Grey, that Rose might have a few hours' rest before resuming their journey. The preparations for departure were soon completed, for they had no friends to see in London, no object to detain them. Herbert knew that his father's displeasure on first discovering his marriage would be excessive, but he hoped those feelings might be soothed, and that he would eventually be reconciled. Meanwhile, his plans had been already laid. Rose had five thousand pounds in right of her mother, and Herbert possessed about one hundred a year from a similar source. They had calculated their joint income at about three hundred a year, and on this, in Italy, Herbert said they could manage very well; far better than in Italy with Rose, than thousands chained to an auctioneer's desk in London; and Rose, who knew nothing of life beyond her love for Herbert and the griefs and joys it had entailed upon her, agreed to all he had proposed, and accordingly for Italy they started.

The young pair settled in Florence. Here all was novelty and enjoyment for Rose, who had never before left England, and Herbert took delight in unfolding to her all the beauties of their new abode. They did not seek to form acquaintances, for Herbert felt too happy in his quiet home to care for other amusements; and he liked to see that Rose had no thought or wish for society beyond his own. It pleased him to be able thus to engross her mind, and prove the source of her entire happiness. They used to walk in the country round Florence, and visit the galleries and studios. In the evenings, those happy evenings, too, Rose would sit and ply her needle while Herbert read aloud.

Dear Rose! She had learned so admirably to keep house, and contrive, and work. They had two servants besides Jane, who was a host in herself, and whose only discontent arose from her young mistress insisting on being taught so much, and occupying herself so constantly. In truth, at that time, much of Rose's labour was self-imposed, for it was her good pleasure to wait almost exclusively upon her husband, anticipate his every wish, and feel jealous if this prerogative were disputed.

One of Herbert's most grateful occupations was drawing. He had naturally a great taste for the art, and in order to cultivate it effectually, he now determined on entering the studio of an artist of celebrity, thus laying the foundation of what hereafter he hoped advantageously to follow. This arrangement necessarily took him each day some

hours from home, but the joy of the return every afternoon counterbalanced this privation. Rose always watched for his coming, and her quick ear having distinguished his footstep on the stairs, she would hasten to open to him, even before he had rung at the door bell. It was pleasant to be greeted by her bright face, and to know that there was no deception in that smile, no effort in that joyful welcome.

Rose was a being that seemed formed to love; not strictly beautiful, perhaps, but indescribably fair, and soft, and winning; clinging always to her husband as if to the source of all that happiness and peace which was in reality her work, and adapting herself to occupations to which she had been hitherto unused, in order that their income might conduce the more to furnish him with comforts and amusements. Sometimes when they walked to the *Cascade*, the public drive and promenade of Florence, in the spring, and saw the carriages and riders with which the piazza, the general place of resort, was thronged, a shade would come over Rose as she thought how "dear Herbert used to ride there too, once, and if it had not been for the sacrifice he made for her, he might still have enjoyed the same pleasures as before." Then Herbert would laughingly tell her he cared for none of these now he had her; and little Rose would almost worship him for this disinterested love, never remembering, in the singleness of her heart, that if Herbert had hitherto been accustomed to a horse, she had not previously lived without a carriage, and that her little foot had seldom trod anything more rude than her father's velvet lawns, till for his sake she had forsaken all. Then on their return home she would take her account-book and study in what she could best save, that she might coax Herbert to take a ride sometimes by showing him how well they could afford it.

Herbert could not refuse when Rose pressed; besides, he felt exhilarated by the exercise, and the time was come when Rose could not walk so long or so far as some months past. So, occasionally, he would devote an afternoon to the *Cascade*, or to some excursion with the Hortons, gay, fashionable people he had known formerly in Rome, who were lately arrived in Florence, and who laughed at the seclusion to which he and his romantic little wife seemed determined to devote themselves. The spring was so far advanced that these rides could be prolonged till very late; and it was difficult to resist the Hortons' importunities on their return to come and finish the evening at their house; but he remembered Rose, and generally declined. He always found her waiting at her little tea-table, working busily; so interested in the details of his excursion, so glad he had been amused, thanking him for his kind consideration in leaving the party on her account, but saying he must not refuse again if it could entertain him. She had been sad, perhaps, before his return, a little sad; but she never told him so for if ever she even breathed her doubts and misgivings, Herbert would look grave, and ask if he were not sufficient for her. The feelings thus stifled, thus forgotten in his presence, would, however, press upon her more heavily in her lonely hours; and in her quiet stroll in the Boboli gardens, amongst their wooded walks and silent shades, the sense of foreboding

which her situation naturally produced would lead her to dwell anxiously upon her father, who still resisted all her entreaties for a reconciliation. He continued inexorable, so her sisters wrote, still deaf to every prayer for pardon. Oh, if he would but forgive her! If he knew that it required but that to make her quite, quite happy!

It required but that! There was already a speck, then, upon that bright horizon; a consciousness of error weighing upon her soul, and rendering her distrustful of herself, less confident of her influence over her husband, less secure in her claims upon his love.

The summer passed, and autumn came, and another care and another joy had sprung up for Rose. A fresh source of love had opened to her, yet Herbert was not defrauded of a thought by the presence of his child. He had almost felt jealous of the little being who had come to divide her tenderness; but soon the new affection found also its charms for him, and Rose's heart bounded with delight as she witnessed Herbert's daily increasing fondness for his boy. The child was so fair, so full of promise, that his mother thought he was sent from heaven as a harbinger of good. They named him Hugh, after general Vivian, and Rose wrote all this and her awakened hopes to her sister, and sent a tiny lock of pale golden hair, which she thought must plead irresistibly to her father's heart.

The yearning daughter built much upon this appeal, much more than she would have said to her husband. The topic was a displeasing one to Herbert; for he seemed to interpret her yearnings towards her father, her wish for his forgiveness, as a slight, a failing in the entire devotion she had vowed to him. So there was one point already on which she must dissemble; one thought, one anxiety, which Herbert must not share! She would not sadden him even by a look; so she was ever ready to meet him when he came home with the same sweet smile and cheerful voice; and Herbert used to fold her and his child to his heart, and say he doubly prized the moments they were together now, since his close application to his studies compelled him to be so much more absent from her. Then too, as he soon intended starting as an artist, it was necessary he should form a connection, and in part give up the dear retirement of the first period of their married life. This was so true that Rose could only assent, and yet she sighed as she assented. His intercourse with his father had lately been resumed; but as if only to show him how futile were any expectations he might have formed from his liberality, the old man accorded him his forgiveness, at the same time informing him that, having no longer any interest in continuing his business, since he had no son who could succeed him in it, he had retired, and married again, settling all his property upon his wife.

Herbert gnashed his teeth with rage as he read this letter, and broke into one of those storms of passion which it was terrible to witness. Rose pleaded for the stern father, endeavouring to soothe her husband, and accusing herself of being the cause of this estrangement, until he was restored to calmness; but at the same time strengthened in the conviction of the greatness of the sacrifice he had made in marrying her, and of the heroic nature of his present exertions.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRINTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE labours of the day are ended with the tradesmen of Boston—New England Boston—in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Josiah Franklin is comfortably seated at his own fireside. His sitting-room is very plain, but neat; his good wife Abiah, who occupies that chair on the other side of the fire, takes care that he shall always find it so. There is, too, hovering all around, filling every nook and cranny, that cheerful genial glow which the heart instantly recognises as the atmosphere of a happy home. Josiah has neither newspaper nor magazine to occupy his evening hours. These were not the days of cheap and abundant literature, even in the old country, and still less so in the new. The difference between North America then and now is sufficiently indicated by a single fact. A son of Josiah Franklin was engaged in printing the second, and afterwards started the fourth, newspaper ever published in America. And now who may describe the products of its teeming press? who think without wonder of the numerous and great cities which have so rapidly sprung up over this wide land, and of the energy and enterprise of their inhabitants, an example and a stimulus to the world? Yet never in the history of this great continent has there been a period when its schoolmasters might more fitly, Trebonius-like, uncover their heads in the presence of their pupils, than during the first half of the eighteenth century. America knows yet no greater names than those of George Washington and his compatriots. They were stalwart men, who left the old country to plant an Anglo-Saxon race in the new world, and children, and children's children, worthy of such sires, were cradled at their hearths, men of great souls, of high and firm principles, knit to large and sound understandings.

But to return. Mr. Franklin is spending his evening pleasantly enough. Notwithstanding the lack of many of our aids to culture, he is a reading and a thinking man; and now perhaps a neighbour or two may have joined the domestic group, to share "in the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which are to be found purer and richer in the tallow-chandler and soap-boiler's home than in many mansions of higher pretensions. As it may be, the father is delighting his youngsters—a numerous group, for Josiah was the happy father of seventeen children, thirteen of whom lived to grow up—with strains of sweet music; or perhaps guiding the fingers of some of them in copying his own drawings, our excellent tradesman having found leisure to pay some court to the fine arts, and cultivate his taste as well as his intellect.

In that merry circle the father's eye often rests fondly on a fair-complexioned, bright-eyed little urchin of some ten summers. He is his fifteenth child and youngest son, Benjamin, born at Boston, on the 6th of January (old style) 1706. Young as he is, this evening closes a day of labour to him also. From early morning he has been in his father's shop,

cutting wicks and filling candle-moulds, attending the shop and running errands. He has done all these things well and neatly, for the little Benjamin has clever hands as well as a clear head. But he does not love this work, and it is one of his father's troubles that he is obliged to keep him to it. He had early noticed the intellectual turn of his little boy, who showed an intense love of books, and an extraordinary ability to understand them almost from infancy; and he had thought much of devoting him, as the title of his sons, to the service of the church. With this design he placed him, in his eighth year, at a grammar school. But Josiah's means were small and his family large, and he found it impracticable to bear the expense of giving a learned education to his son. So, at ten years of age, he removed him to his own shop.

The father had been now more than twenty years in New England. He emigrated thither from Northamptonshire, a young man with a wife and three children. Four others were born to him before he laid his English wife in a foreign grave. He afterwards married a daughter of one of the pious families of the land, Abiah Folger, whose father, one of the first settlers of New England, is mentioned by Cotton Mather, in his ecclesiastical history of the country, as "a godly and learned Englishman." Franklin's life was one of constant labour. The necessities of his family obliged him to eschew much concern in public affairs; yet his son writes: "I remember well his being frequently visited by leading men, who consulted him for his opinion in public affairs, and those of the church he belonged to; and who showed a great respect for his judgment and advice."

Young Benjamin's lot, then, with such a guide and such a home, was, notwithstanding his early initiation into toil, by no means a hard one. He gives us, in his autobiography, pleasant glimpses of the means employed by the father to form the minds and elevate the tastes of his children. "At his table," Benjamin writes, "he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbour to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent, in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table; whether it was well or ill-dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavour, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters, as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me. Indeed, I am so unobservant of it, that to this day I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner of what dishes it consisted. This has been a great convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites." Another still

more important lesson the child learned at this time, and never again unlearned. As the leader of his playfellows, Benjamin had been the chief agent in appropriating some stones collected for house-building to the purpose of erecting a wharf, whereon the boys might stand to fish for minnows. The depredators were discovered, and young Franklin defended his conduct on the ground of the usefulness of the undertaking. "But my father persuaded me," he says, "that that which was not honest, could not be truly useful." It was a noble day's work that, good Josiah. You have implanted a principle in your son's character which shall mark it through life, and contribute more than any other of its features to the great success and honour he is destined to attain.

Two or three years after, we find Benjamin learning to be a printer in an elder brother's office. He had never taken heartily to candle-making, and was moreover desirous to go to sea, to prevent which his father determined to change his employment to one which he might like better. He now goes on pleasantly, attending well to his trade, and sedulously saving his time and money to gratify his passion for reading. He takes to writing also. His first literary attempts are poetical. In street-ballad style, he tells the tale of a recent shipwreck, and versifies some other events. And presently he is sent by his brother to vend his productions in the town—author, printer, salesman, all in one. The subjects were creating a great interest at the time, and the ballads sold amazingly, a circumstance pleasing to the elder brother, as it brought money, and to the younger as it brought fame. The wise father, however, interfered, and gave a wholesome check to Benjamin's rising vanity by criticising his verses, informing him moreover that the poetic vocation was nearly akin to the beggarly. He afterwards judiciously pointed out to his son the faults of his prose composition, which Benjamin directly set with characteristic energy and perseverance to amend. He met with an odd volume of the "Spectator," admired the writing, and wished to imitate it. "With this view," he says, "I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the pages again, by expressing each hinted sentence at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them." He afterwards jumbled his collection of hints, that he might attain method in the arrangement of thoughts by restoring them from this confusion to their proper place; and then he turned them into verse that he might gain a full and various vocabulary. Thus he taught himself to write English, an accomplishment of the greatest service to him in future life. Pleased with his own success, he soon made for himself an opportunity of testing it. In his brother's newspaper short essays were published, furnished by James Franklin's literary acquaintances. Ben-

jamin, eager to try his hand in this way, was however well aware that any offered by him would be rejected. In this dilemma he wrote some papers in a disguised hand, placed them under the office door, and waited with beating heart the criticism which they should receive from the literary coterie which assembled at the printing-office. To his inexpressible delight he heard them pronounced excellent, and only persons of known ability were mentioned in the various conjectures offered as to their authorship. From time to time fresh papers were deposited in the old place, and thence taken to be given to the public, till at length, to the astonishment of his circle, "the great unknown" declared himself.

Now, reader, we must transport ourselves to New York. There is Bradford the printer's office, and a slight lad of seventeen steps from it into the street. His good-humoured face is clouded; an expression of despondency lies in it; but the lines of the mouth are firm, and his step, if less elastic than when he approached the office, is that which betokens a man not ready to falter in the battle of life. The youth is our friend Benjamin, whom we are sorry to meet in such circumstances, for he should not be here, and the wakening consciousness of this gives the darkest tinge to the shade which is gathering over his countenance. He and his brother have had frequent quarrels; the one is passionate, the other probably saucy, and the younger has secretly left Boston, and now finds himself three hundred miles from his home, without a single introduction, utterly friendless, and carrying a purse most inconveniently light. He has been soliciting employment at Bradford's, and finds there is none for him, but is recommended to proceed to Philadelphia, where the New York printer has a son in the same business. His journey to the quaker city, made partly by water and partly by land on foot, is disastrous and fatiguing, and a hundred times the youth regrets what, in mature years, he has recorded as one of the *errata* of his life, his clandestine departure from home. It was Sunday morning when he first entered that city in which he was afterwards to play so honoured and conspicuous a part. With fond minuteness he tells the story. At nine o'clock in the morning he landed at Market-street wharf. "I was in my working dress," he writes, "my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. * * * I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about, till near Market-street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort it seems was not made in Philadelphia.

I then asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told that they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepennyworth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought that I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance." Following afterwards a number of clean-dressed people whom he met, the poor lad found himself in a quaker meeting-house, and, overcome with fatigue, fell fast asleep, this therefore being, he says, "the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

At first Franklin could get only an occasional job, but his superior workmanship soon procured him more constant employment; and being industrious and frugal, he was saving money, and well pleased with his position and prospects, when he happened to attract the notice of the governor, Sir William Keith. This gentleman urged him to begin business for himself, asserting that a good workman as he was must command success in competition with such wretched printers as were the two then in Philadelphia. A visit to Boston followed, Benjamin carrying a letter from the governor to his father, recommending this scheme, and asking his assistance in carrying it out. The old man thought his son too young for such an undertaking, but sent him away this time with his approval and blessing—a great consolation to the lad. Keith then declared that he would furnish the necessary means himself, and desired Franklin to get ready to sail in the annual ship to London, there to select the implements of his trade. Meanwhile he was desired to keep the project a secret. The time for sailing arrives, and Franklin applies for the letters which are to procure him money, and all necessary things, in England. He is put off from time to time, and at length, just as they are about to leave, he is informed that his letters are in the governor's bag, and will be delivered to him when he reaches England. So, nothing suspicious, and all hopeful, the young printer crosses the wide Atlantic, to find himself thrown on the world of London as unprovided for and friendless as he had been a year before in New York. Neither introductions nor letters of credit had Keith sent with him. When he told his story to his fellow-passengers, they laughed at him for believing the governor, who was well known to be lavish of promises he never meant to fulfil. It was an ugly trick he had played the poor lad, and the sham man, the man of words only, appears very little, albeit he is a baronet and a governor, beside the working, earnest, sincere journeyman printer.

Happily for Franklin he has good hands and a stout heart. He seeks and obtains work as a printer, first at Palmer's in Bartholomew-close,

and afterwards at Watts's, near Lincoln's-Inn-fields. And now we have the development of a noble trait of Franklin's character—his superiority to ridicule when conscious that he is doing right. His fellow-workmen all indulge largely in beer-drinking. Franklin takes none. They laugh at him; nickname him the Water-American. He takes it all very quietly. Like John Foster's "man of decision" he can say, "They will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them. I have something else to do than to trouble myself about their mirth." This conduct had soon its proper effect. The American aquatic was stronger than his comrades. He surprised them by carrying with one hand what they required both to convey. He was much richer also; not a penny had he to pay on a Saturday-night at the ale-house, while they had sometimes an account of five or six shillings apiece. Ridicule was changed into respect, and that the young stranger's obliging manners and good humour matured into affection.

Eighteen months were thus spent in London, during which Franklin learned much, both in connection with his own trade and other matters. He read much, reflected much, inquired eagerly, and observed closely. All honour to his sobriety, his honesty, and his universal diligence. Nevertheless, there are serious *errata* in the young man's conduct, and if old Josiah could see all he would both grieve and tremble for his son.

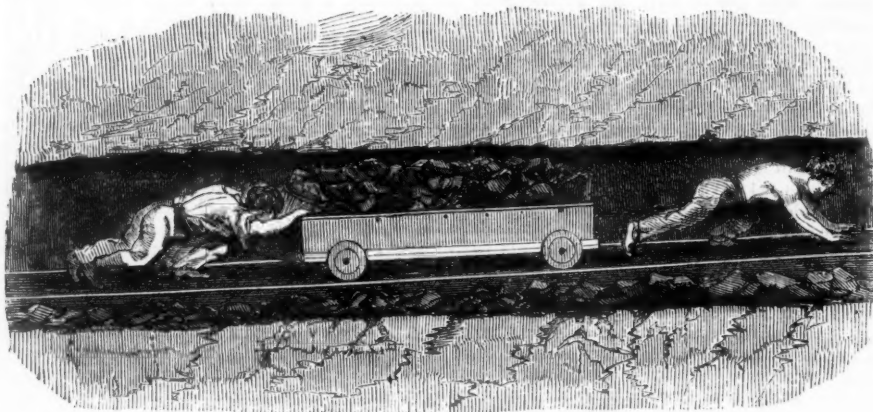
At four and twenty years of age we find Franklin a printer on his own account in Philadelphia, the owner of a stationer's shop, and a married man. To his wife, then a Miss Read, he had plighted his affections before going to England, had while there neglected her, and she had meanwhile been urged by her parents into a most unhappy marriage. She had separated from her husband on hearing that he had another wife living in England, whereupon he left Philadelphia, and a report had since reached them of his death. Franklin, whose conscience troubled him regarding his treatment of this young woman, now married her. "She proved a good and faithful helpmate," he writes; "assisted me much by attending to the shop; we threw together, and we mutually endeavoured to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could."

The printer's character has been improving since he left England. He had unhappily early imbibed sceptical notions, and had, while in London, written and printed a few copies of a metaphysical pamphlet containing such sentiments—a great error, as he afterwards acknowledges. His experience and observation of men have, however, led him to doubt the soundness of his conclusions. There were two young men, early friends, whose religious principles he had unsettled, and both, he says, made him suffer for it—"wronged him greatly without the least compunction." Both, in fact, robbed him, living for a considerable period on his earnings, and borrowing of him money which they never repaid. One of them had wrung from him a sum of money belonging to another

man which lay in Franklin's hands, the giving of which, a great error, as he pronounces it, was a source of constant misery to him till he was able to repay it. He now reflected that these men were free-thinkers, so was Sir William Keith, so was he himself when he lent another man's money and neglected the woman he had promised to love, and he began to suspect that his pamphlet was not so clever as he had once thought it, and that some error had insinuated itself into his argument; at all events he was convinced that whether these views were true or not, they certainly were not useful. He perceived, also, that a man without religious restraints—his own case while in London—was in great moral danger; and a feeling of thankfulness sprung up, that while in this most perilous condition, he had been preserved from falling into even greater evils than those he had now to regret. He formed a system for the attainment of moral perfection, a mechanical enough affair, for Franklin did not understand the true recipe for virtue, but with this he connected prayer, and also gave it a place in his "scheme for the employment of the hours of each day." Not enlightened christian prayer indeed; nevertheless, the reader of Franklin's autobiography cannot fail to observe how, in proportion as the religious element, even in the very defective form in which he received it, attains influence over him, in like proportion do the better features of his character strengthen—his uprightness, sincerity, and benevolence.

BOYHOOD UNDERGROUND.

TRAPPERS, fillers, slack-boys, pitchers, pushers, drivers, and other technicalities, not remarkable for either intelligibility or euphony, occur in the nomenclature of our coal districts, to denote the juveniles in the pits, according to their various kinds of occupation and labour. The "trapper," or air-door boy, has the charge of a door placed in a road along which horses, men, and boys have to pass, but through which it is essential to the ventilation of the mine to prevent the current of air from the downcast shaft from sweeping, in order that this current may be forced round the other roads and workings of the pit. The duty of the trapper is to open this door as occasion may require, and then to shut it again as quickly as possible; and on his keeping the door constantly shut, excepting at the moment when persons are passing through it, the safety of the mine and the lives of the persons employed in it entirely depend. The "fillers" crawl after the adult colliers, or hewers, into the narrow spaces where they are hammering at the coal above or before them, and which in very thin seams only admit of work being done in a kneeling position, or sitting, bending double, lying on one side, or on the back. The larger pieces are pushed out by these attendants, and carried away to fill the corves, skips, or carriages in which they are removed. The "slack-boys" likewise crawl in to rake the small coal and dust, termed slack, into baskets, and dispose of it elsewhere. The "pitchers" are employed in



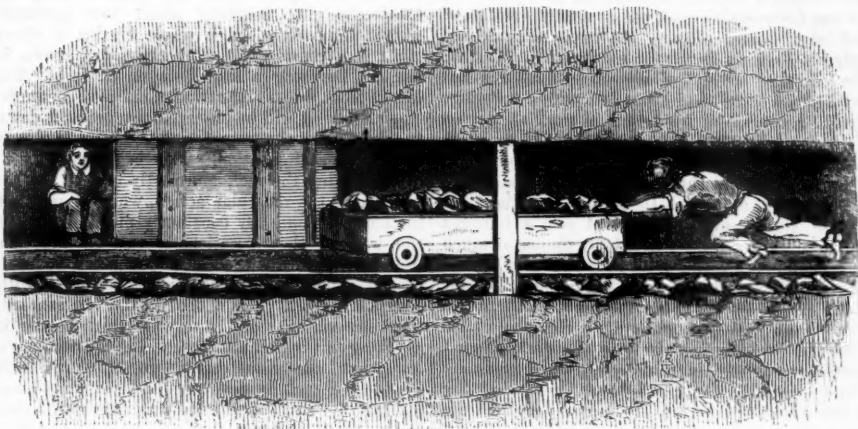
THE "HURRIERS" AT THEIR EMPLOYMENT.

balancing and adjusting the coals in the skips, so as to build up a load, and in arranging the requisite tackle about them. In the mines in which the seams of coal are too narrow and the roads too low for horses to go up to the workings, "pushers," "hurriers," or "thrusters"—names denominating the same class—are engaged in pushing the carriages from the workings to the horseways, or the whole distance to the foot of the shaft. The vocation of the "drivers" requires no explanation; but it is by far the best kind of occupation in pits, giving them exercise with little labour, and some degree of variety. It may also be remarked in passing, that their charge, horses, ponies, or asses, thrive remarkably underground, get fat, sleek, and well conditioned, however deleterious the sites are to men and boys. The domesticated cat likewise occasionally finds a comfortable home in these subterranean regions, and obtains plenty of game, rats and mice abounding in many of the pits.

Previous to the passing of lord Ashley's act, March 1, 1843, which prohibited the employment of any one in mines under ten years old, children of very tender age were taken down by covetous or needy parents, and engaged by unscrupulous managers. Enquirers met with the greatest difficulty in ascertaining the real ages of the juvenile operatives. Seven or eight years was not uncommon in various districts; nor was six very rare; and the remarkable instance of a child of four was encountered. This was in the Hill's-lane pit, belonging to the Madeley-wood company, Shropshire. "I say, Jonas," said the ground-bailiff, "there are very few children working in this mine; I think we have none under ten or eleven." The collier immediately replied, "Sir, my boy is only a little more than four." "Well," rejoined the manager, "I suppose that you take good care of him; you take him up and down when you go yourself." This abuse of childhood has very properly been rendered penal; and we may think even ten years of age a little too early for life in the pits to commence.

The trappers are always the youngest in a coal pit. Pitiable indeed is their lot from its seclusion,

gloom, and extreme monotony. Owing to these circumstances, they are in general very shy, have seldom anything to say for themselves, and a question will often elicit only the stare of vacancy or surprise. Labour there is none, nor exertion further than is requisite to open and shut a door. In a hole scooped out for them at their post, or crouching in a corner upon their heels, the little urchins sit with a string in their hands attached to the door. They pull it open the moment they hear the approach of a corve, letting it fall to, which it does of its own weight, the instant the vehicle has passed. Were it not for this interruption, their lot would be solitary confinement of the worst order. If anything impede the shutting of the door, they remove it, or if unable to do so, run off to the nearest man, to get him to do it for them. If not quick in opening the door in time, a thump or kick will perhaps be bestowed by the irritable passenger, or some horrible hobgoblin story be mentioned to frighten the poor child in the darkness. The cut represents a trapper couched upon his heels, the universal custom of colliers, young and old, in many districts—the door open—and a carriage passing. From the nature of their office, the doorkeepers are compelled to be in the pit the whole of the working-time. When a colliery is in full work, three sets of men commonly divide the twenty-four hours between them, each set working eight hours; but there will be only two sets of boys to three of the adults, so that the former have to be immured for twelve hours together, often commencing from a very early period in the morning, and ending late in the afternoon. We will give a case in point, that of Thomas Rokeby, a trapper in Flatworth pit, in the northern coal district. His mother stated, that the "boy" was at school at three years old, and his father wished to make him a better scholar before he went down. Always puts him to bed early, because he must get up every working morning at three o'clock; and he often rubs his eyes when he is woke, and says he has only just been to sleep. He gets up at three A.M. and goes down the pit at four o'clock. He gets his dinner



THE "TRAPPER" SEATED AT HIS SOLITARY POST.

directly he goes home, about half-past four or a quarter to five P.M., and then he washes himself and goes to bed between six and seven o'clock; so that he will never be up more than two hours from the pit for eating, washing, and playing." Little is it imagined by the mothers of England in suburban villas, with their children grouped around a bright fireside, that other children have to rise while theirs are slumbering, and go down to blackness of darkness, while theirs roam the fields in the sunshine, in order to win the coal which enlivens the domestic hearth!

The long wearisome hours of working time are often passed with a damp floor to sit or stand upon, and the trappers are necessarily exposed to drafts. When the doors are closed, the strong air-current may be heard sighing, hissing, whistling, or screaming, according to its strength, in the endeavour to proceed onwards through the chinks and crevices. The "doors are a singing," is the pitman's phrase for this wild music. It is not always listened to with agreeable feelings, for when unusually loud there is reason to apprehend some derangement in the ventilation. But the great grievance of the trapper's lot is the solitude to which he is consigned, only interrupted by the brief passage of the coal-wagons, and the darkness in which he is immured. Occasionally the little fellows may be so posted as to be near the shaft; to which they can sometimes run, and enliven themselves with a view of the iron buckets going up or coming down, snatching a bird's-eye peep at the daylight aloft. In some collieries also, candles are supplied by indulgent managers, while bits of tallow to form a light may be given by some good-natured collier passing by as a treat. But darkness and seclusion—above all things most intolerable and ungenial to young children—constitute the rule. "On one occasion," observes a visitor, "as I was passing a little trapper, he begged me for a little grease from my candle. I found that the poor child had scooped out a hole in a great stone, and having obtained a wick, had manufactured a rude sort of lamp; and that he kept it going as well as he could by begging con-

tributions of melted tallow from the candles of any Samaritan passers-by." It is painful to contemplate this dull, dungeon-like life. Well might the stanzas of the "Trapper's Petition" be indited:—

"Father! must I go down with you
Into that dark and dismal hole,
And leave the sky above so blue,
Buried amidst the blackest coal?

Father! I want to go to play,
I've had no play since Monday last;
O! let me have one hour to-day,
And then I'll work and do a vast!

O! let me play a pretty game
With Tom and Bill upon the heap,
And I shall do my work the same—
For then I shall not fall asleep.

Just let me get those pretty flowers
Down in the field beside the stream;
Then I shall while away the hours
As though I lay in pleasant dream.

Well, father! if I must go down,
Just hold me tight upon your knee;
But get me work in yon big town,
And let me life and daylight see!"

Can none of the employers of these lads do something to ameliorate their condition?

Though apparently a probable event, there is little danger of the urchins losing themselves in the pits, for they are commonly taken down and brought up again by relatives or friends. Their post in the interval is likewise completely stationary; and they are effectually prevented wandering from it by the certainty of rough punishment, not to mention the fear of hobgoblins, whose fame is kept alive for the express purpose of restraint. Yet the case has occurred, and very recently, in 1852, in one of the Welsh pits. A boy, William Withers, went down on a Friday morning, with his father as usual. Having forgot something, he returned to fetch it, and on proceeding alone along the subterranean road, his light went out. He consequently lost his way, wandered into some old workings, and nothing

* A provincialism for doing a great deal.

was known of him till the following Monday, when he was fortunately found, but in a very weak state, and taken home. During the whole time he had only his Friday's dinner for his support. He gave the following account of himself:—"After I lost my light, I found that I was lost and in a strange road. I could hear my father at work all day on Friday. I knocked the side, and made as much noise as I possibly could, but no one answered me. They all went out that night, leaving me there; I cried very much. I thought I saw the stars two or three times, although I was a hundred yards under ground. I saved my dinner as much as I could, only eating a bit at a time, not knowing whether I should ever be found. The pit broke (work) on Saturday morning, so there was no work until Monday morning. The whole time I had been wandering about in the dark, when I heard the hauliers (horse-drivers), and I made my way to them." The boy did not know what day it was when he was rescued; and so long had the dreary time of his imprisonment appeared to him, that he fancied he had been lost a week.

The pushers or hurriers are a class of older lads than the trappers, their employment requiring a considerable amount of strength, often involving labour only less onerous than that of the adult hewers. In some districts, the thickness of the coal-seam admits of horses or ponies being brought up to the spot where the men win the coal. This is the case in general in the larger mines on the coast of Cumberland, and horses convey it directly from the workings to the shafts. In the immense submarine William pit, where there are five hundred acres under the sea, and the distance is two miles and a half from the shaft to the extremity of the works, there is a stable, likewise under the sea, for forty-nine horses. The animals are let down in large nets, and, having once become subterranean, they never see daylight again. But commonly the seams are too narrow to allow of horses being employed to transport the coal the whole distance; and it has to be conveyed to where the horse-ways commence by stout lads or young men, from thirteen years of age and upwards, in corves or carriages. For the same reason, the thinness of the seams, they cannot work in an upright position, but have to crawl on hands and knees, or assume a nearly horizontal posture. Formerly this process was performed by means of a girdle, or broad leather strap, fastened around the waist, to which a chain from the carriage was hooked and passed between the legs, the boys crawling and drawing the carriage after them. The girdle frequently blistered the sides of the drawers, occasioning great pain, and the labour of drawing the vehicles on the bare floor, unfurnished with rails and sleepers, was very severe. This barbarous and slavish practice may not be altogether out of use at present; but respectable companies, and masters with capital, have discontinued it for many years, substituting small iron railways, along which the carriages are pushed with comparative ease. The hurriers place both hands at the top of the back of the corve, and push them forwards, running as fast as the inclination of the road or their own strength will permit. The vehicles vary greatly in size, carrying from two to ten hundredweight of coal; but the commonest

size in the thicker beds are made to hold six hundredweight, weighing about two hundredweight themselves. The whole burden is about eight hundredweight. Three boys are shown in the cut hurrying a loaded wagon on rails. The one in front draws; the two behind push forwards. Their heads, it will be observed, are brought down to a level with the wagon, and the body is almost in a horizontal position. This is done partly to avoid striking the roof, and partly to gain the advantage of the muscular action, which is greatest in that position. By constantly pushing against the wagons they occasionally rub off the hair from the crowns of their heads, so much so as to become almost bald. The work is performed with surprising celerity; and though the toil is hard, there are varieties and intervals which render it anything but irksome. In fact, the hurriers are a somewhat uproarious class, go through their drudgery cheerfully, devouring at fixed times huge batches of "bait," and often earning, in the case of the oldest of them, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. a-day. Of course, from the nature and scene of their labour, accidents may be expected to be common, wholly distinct from the tremendous catastrophes from fire-damp, of which they stand in jeopardy every hour while below the surface. Fractured limbs, wounds, and other lamings often fall to their lot. But the hardy fellows are soon at work again, and only keep in mind their lamings to serve the purposes of chronology. When referring to the time of an event, a pit-boy will frequently simply indicate it as just before or after "last laming."

A stranger meets with many oddities in a coal district. We must be content with one example, giving it in the form of a dialogue. "What is your name?" "Benjamin Berry." "How old are you?" "Thirteen." "What is your work?" "A drawer." "What wages do you get?" "Three-eighths." "What do you mean by three-eighths?" The explanation is, that at Worsley, it is customary to consider a man as divided into eight parts, each of which bears a value corresponding to that of the whole. Thus a boy of ten years of age, is considered equal to, or worth two-eighths of a man; at fifteen, one-half; and at eighteen years, three-fourths.

Boyhood underground has occasionally been followed by an illustrious manhood in more agreeable scenes. Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, began life in a colliery near Hexham. One who knew him well speaks of having often heard him say, that his remotest recollection was that of lying for hours on his side between dismal strata of coal, plying the pick with his little hand, by the glimmering light of a dirty candle. Hutton, the mathematician and teacher, who had chancellor Eldon for one of his pupils, had a similar origin. But a far more extraordinary example of rise in the social scale from the very humblest occupation in a colliery, has occurred within the memory of the present generation. At the Euston station of the London and North-western railway—a statue of Carara marble, resting on a pedestal of the same material, commemorates George Stephenson, the inventor contemporaneously with sir Humphrey Davy of the safety lamp, the first great practical improver of the locomotive steam-engine,

and the author of the railway system which has so rapidly extended its network over a large portion of the globe, and contributed to unite nations in the bonds of commerce and peace. His early days were spent as a trapper in Wynam colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. With unflagging spirit he plodded his way through various departments of labour, illustrating each with the light of genius, and adorning it by personal integrity and domestic virtue. "I have," said he, in an after-dinner speech, "worked my way; but I have worked as hard as any man in the world, and I have overcome obstacles which it falls to the lot of but few men to encounter. I have known the day, when my son was a child, that after my daily labour was at an end, I have gone home to my single room and cleaned clocks and watches in order that I might be able to put my child to school. I had felt myself too acutely the loss of an education not to be sensible of how much advantage one would be to him." Few individual changes have been more remarkable; a trapper, sitting in weariness and darkness, string in hand, attending to his doorkeeping, never seeing the sun in winter, except on Sunday, the hours from before daylight to dusk being spent in the pit, becoming the great engineer of modern times, courted by nobles, the guest of kings and queens, in possession of an ample fortune, and a reputation limited only by the bounds of civilisation.

SHOWERS OF FROGS AND TOADS.

THE sudden appearance of myriads of young frogs or toads, immediately after violent storms of rain, in places where none were previously observed, has from the earliest times attracted attention, and led to various speculations. Some have supposed, and the belief is still largely entertained, that they descend in a shower from the sky; and this theory has gained the more acceptance because persons of trustworthiness have strenuously affirmed that they have themselves witnessed the phenomenon. Among ancient writers traces of this belief occur in Aristotle, Athenæus, and Ælian; while among the moderns we may adduce the learned Gesner, with many others of high reputation.

Some naturalists have imagined the possibility of the generation or development of these little reptiles in the sky; but others, while fully admitting the precipitous fall of hosts of young frogs, do not believe that they were developed aloft, but that they had been caught up by a whirlwind passing over some extensive morass, and afterwards precipitated to the ground. Cardan entertained the idea that these frogs are the result of a sort of spontaneous generation; and Pison thought that they did not fall in their true form as frogs from the sky, but that they were suddenly produced by the fertilising action of the rain upon the clods of rich earth. He evidently doubted the "frog-shower," and sought for a satisfactory theory. Cardan's and Pison's views need not, in the present day, any attempt at refutation; but the theory that these little frogs are raised up by whirlwinds, or waterspouts ascending

with a gyratory motion, certainly requires examination. Here we shall refer to certain communications made to the "Académie des Sciences," in Paris, in order to show the facts and the deductions to be derived from them.

On the 13th of October, 1834, M. le colonel Marmier stated that in the month of the preceding August he saw, in the department of the Seine and Oise, a portion of the road covered with an innumerable quantity of little toads about as large as a French bean, although a quarter of an hour before he had not seen one in the same spot. In the interval a heavy deluge of rain had fallen, and hence M. Marmier came to the conclusion that they had fallen from the same cloud which poured out the water. But observe, M. Marmier did not see this "toad-fall;" he only supposed it to have taken place.

On October 20th, at the *Séance*, or scientific meeting, a communication was received from M. Peltier, in support of M. Marmier's opinion. It is the statement of an occurrence which he had witnessed in his youth. A tempest was advancing over the little town of Ham, in the department of the Somme, where he then resided. He watched its threatening progress, when all at once the rain fell in torrents. He then saw the Place de la Ville covered with small toads. Astonished at their appearance, he stretched out his hand, and received the shock of many of these animals. The courtyard of the mansion was equally swarming, and he saw them fall upon a slated roof and rebound thence on the pavement. Afterwards a general migration of these creatures to the adjacent streams took place, a few bruised stragglers only remaining. "Whatever," adds M. Peltier, "may be the difficulty in explaining the transport of these reptiles, I do not the less insist on the fact, which from the surprise it caused me has left a profound impression on my memory." The celebrated M. Arago remarked that the author of this communication was too well known by his scientific labours for it to be supposed that he had carelessly observed the circumstances of the fact which he narrates.

At the same meeting, M. Duméril produced a communication of a similar nature from a lady of high attainments, and one of a family of great scientific eminence. "I was driving with my husband," she remarked, "in the park of the Château d'Orgnois, near Senlis, which we inhabited. It was then about midday, when the thunder growled deeply, and all on a sudden the day was obscured by an enormous black cloud. We immediately hastened along the road to the château, from which we were then at a considerable distance. A thunderbolt of extraordinary force burst the cloud, which poured upon us a torrent of toads mixed with a little rain."

On the 28th of October, a communication to the scientific meeting was received from M. Huard, to the effect that as he proceeded to church at Jouy, in the month of June, accompanied by some friends, the party was overtaken by a storm, during the continuance of which he saw toads fall from the sky, and received them upon his umbrella. The ground

for a considerable space was covered with a prodigious quantity of little toads, which hopped about in all directions. At the same meeting M. Gayet, holding an official station under the minister of commerce, stated in a letter that, in the summer of 1794, being one of a body of 150 men cantoned in the village of Lalain, the party was overtaken, about three o'clock in the afternoon, by a sudden fall of rain, in such abundance, that the men, to escape being drenched, were obliged to resort for shelter to a large cave. But what was their surprise when they beheld falling on the ground about them a considerable number of toads, of the size of a hazel-nut. M. Gayet, disbelieving that these little reptiles fell with the rain, stretched out a pocket-handkerchief, assisted by one of the men, as high as they could hold it up; in a very short time it received a number of the toads, many of which were yet in a tadpole state.

M. Duparque, at the same meeting, made the following communication. On a Sunday in August, 1804, after many weeks of drought and heat, and after a stifling morning, a storm burst over the village of Frémard, near Amiens. He was then in company with the *curé* of the parish. In traversing the small close which separates the church from the parsonage-house they were both drenched; but, as he adds, "what surprised me most was to receive upon my person a number of little *frogs*. 'It rains toads,' said the venerable *curé*, remarking my astonishment; 'but this is not the first time that I have seen the like.' A great number of these reptiles were leaping on the ground; and on gaining the parsonage-house, we found the floor inundated with water and frogs, for the window facing the storm had been left open. The ground was paved with close brick-work, so that the animals could not have emerged from the earth; while (seeing that the bottom of the window frame was about two feet and a half from the ground) they could not have gained entrance from the outside by leaping. Moreover, the room was separated from the entrance-hall by a large dining-room, having two windows wide open, but *not opposed* to the direction of the rain, which therefore they did not enter; consequently neither water nor frogs were there found. I say *frogs*, for from the green colour of the back, the whiteness of the under surface, and the length of the hind quarters, it was easy to recognise them."

We might here multiply similar statements; but we will now turn to Roësel, a learned naturalist, whose personal observations on the subject in question are worth attention. After commenting on the asserted "frog and toad-showers," he says: "Now it happened to myself that, whilst taking a walk in the country, a sudden storm came on, and I hastened to a wood close by, to seek shelter under a beech. I felt something which fell upon my head, and at the same time I perceived that the earth all around me was covered with little frogs. I thought for the instant that these animals had fallen with the rain. In order to assure myself of the truth, I examined my hat and found that the slight shock I had experienced was pro-

duced by the end of a dry branch which remained upon it. The sun having re-appeared, I pursued my way, observing as I went a multitude of little frogs, which, in order to escape from the heat of the sun, soon disappeared altogether. I could not conceive how so great a number of animals could possibly appear and disappear so suddenly; but I satisfied myself by my research that all had placed themselves for shelter under stones and the tufts of herbage."

Here we think we have a clue to the mystery. Let the following particulars be taken into consideration:—First, the time of the year in which these presumed showers of frogs make their appearance corresponds with the season in which they put off their tadpole condition, and scatter themselves often in myriads over the fields, and the lanes and roads adjacent to the waters in which they were bred. Secondly, in June, July, and August, especially on the continent, there is often a continuance of drought and a burning sun. The earth is cracked and fissured in every direction; the herbage bends languidly; and under this, and in these fissures or chinks, or under clods and stones, the little reptiles crouch concealed, in order to escape the sun's rays. But let a sudden storm of rain come on, and instantly the ground seems alive with them. Refreshed and invigorated, they hop about in every direction, and either regain their native waters, or return to their lurking-places. Thirdly, a genial shower without a storm produces the same phenomenon as was observed by M. Duméril, once in the environs of Amiens, and at another time in the marsh-lands near Marbella, in Spain. In the latter instance, the reptiles were little *tree-frogs*, with which the dress of the observers was covered.

It is thus that we account for the phenomenon. The reptiles are not showered down along with the rain-drops, but are called forth from their concealment by the rain.

What, then, are we to say with regard to the testimony of persons of integrity, who declare that they have witnessed these frog or toad showers? Can we discredit them? Let it be remembered that the storm or heavy shower is always described as sudden, local, and soon over; the air having been previously dry, the wind calm, the heat great; but no whirlwind is described which may be supposed capable of drawing up the animals and keeping them in aerial suspension. It is a sudden thunderstorm, produced by electrical changes in the upper currents of the atmosphere. Besides, how happens it that the frogs falling from so great an elevation are not all dashed to pieces by the shock? A frog thrown from the top of St. Paul's, and alighting even on tolerably soft ground, would not hop about with much alacrity the next moment. What then would be the result of its falling into a market-place paved with boulder stones, or upon the slates of a roof? How then, we repeat, are we to reconcile this with the testimony of intelligent and trustworthy persons, who assert that they have witnessed the phenomenon? We answer, that they have been misled by deceptive appear-

ances; that the shocks they felt were probably caused by heavy rain drops; and that if they received these reptiles on their clothes, etc., it was not from the skies, but from the overhanging banks, bushes, or trees around them.

Correct observation is an art requiring practice and a certain tact which all do not possess. Hence the story of the bernicle-goose produced from a certain kind of sea-shell, as has been asserted by many very learned men, who have declared themselves eye-witnesses of the whole process. Thus is it that the want of this aptitude for judging correctly has led to many errors. Among undisciplined minds there is a vagueness in noting facts, appearances, or occurrences, the result being a rash and illogical deduction. "It is strange," says Dumeril, "to find in our day such a prejudice remaining amongst men of general good information, who go so far as to say that they have themselves seen these showers of frogs." We do not think so. Men of good general information are not always without their weak points, and having formed, however hastily, an opinion, are apt to cling to it with a tenacity which no efforts of reasoning can overcome.

ENGLISH STATE LOTTERIES.

To this day many foreign kingdoms, principalities, and powers, sanction private lotteries of all kinds, and set the discreditable example by their own STATE LOTTERIES—a sure and easy mode by which a needy government can raise money, and an equally sure and easy mode of demoralising its unhappy subjects. Were we not well aware that the passion for gambling is the most absorbing of all passions, and one, alas! that seems almost universally dormant, but readily excitable in the human breast, we should marvel how it is that a never-failing succession of dupes purchase lottery tickets. Our younger readers may not be aware that until a comparatively recent period, the government of Great Britain raised money by state lotteries, and not until the public voice had loudly manifested its indignant reprobation of such scandalous substitutes for legitimate taxation were the said state lotteries finally abolished. We shall now present a startling picture of the practical workings of the lottery system in our own country only some forty odd years ago. For our information we are not indebted to any particular author on the subject, but we have before us a large mass of contemporary evidence in the shape of house of commons official documents of evidence, and other authentic matter (printed at the time), and our aim will be to give an illustrative digest from these sources.

First, here are a few historical notes. Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have been the first sovereign to sanction a lottery for the benefit of the treasury. On the 11th January, 1569, this lottery commenced drawing, and "continued day and night till the 6th of May," the prizes being silver plate, and the place where the drawing of tickets took place, at the western door of St. Paul's Cathedral! The government repaired some coast fortifications with the profits. Whether the latter proved less than were anticipated, or whether the

nation was scandalized at such doings, we cannot tell, but we hear no more of state lotteries until William III raised a million in tickets at 10*l.* each, in 1694. Once fairly inaugurated, this method of obtaining profitable loans was not suffered to fall into oblivion. In 1710 Queen Anne raised by a lottery the sum of 1,500,000*l.* in 150,000 tickets at 10*l.* each, each prize ticket granting to the holder an annuity of from five pounds to one hundred pounds sterling during the space of thirty-two years; and each blank ticket securing the holder an annuity of fourteen shillings for the same period. We shrewdly guess that the prize tickets bore about the same relative proportion to the blank ones as a grain of wheat does to a bushel of chaff. In king William's lottery the prizes were annuities for sixteen years, at fourteen per cent. on the price of the ticket. We presume the blanks were total losses to their holders. In 1726 another lottery for a million caused a loss of some thousands to the government, owing to many tickets remaining unsold—a tolerably clear proof, we should suppose, that the public were not overjoyed at the aggregate profits to them in shape of annuities. Five years only elapsed, however, ere a fresh lottery took place. Eighty thousand tickets were distributed at 10*l.* each; the whole sum raised (800,000*l.*) bearing interest at three per cent., and the blank tickets being entitled to the sum of 7*l.* 10*s.* A score of years later, lotteries must have suddenly become amazingly popular, for we read of one in 1755, consisting of 100,000 10*l.* tickets, and "the crowd of persons at the bank to subscribe was so great, that the counters were broken by their eagerness to get at the books." A great reaction took place, for in 1784, not more than a third of the tickets in the new lottery were sold before the drawing. From this period, however, state lotteries became more and more frequent, and were regarded as a regular and laudable scheme of raising extraordinary supplies in an indirect way. The government learnt by experience more economical and profitable ways of managing them, especially by farming out the tickets to contractors for distribution, instead of selling them direct to the public, as at first. As may be expected, private illegal lotteries of every description sprang up and flourished under the shade of the gigantic government upas-tree. Several acts were passed to restrain and put down these minor nuisances, for the government would not permit the king's faithful lieges to be duped by any lottery unless the chancellor of the exchequer had a direct interest in its success. The most important and restrictive of these acts was passed in 1802, and it had precisely the effect desired, for it caused the profits of the legal governmental or state lotteries to become double and treble what they had been before.

To show what enormous profit the government latterly derived from their lotteries, it is sufficient to state that in the six years ending 1801 they cleared from this source 1,754,074*l.*; but in the six years ending 1807, the profits swelled to 3,019,894*l.*, or above half-a-million per annum. The reason for this increase is chiefly attributable to the fact that, whereas formerly only one lottery took place in a year, from 1804 as many as three to four were drawn in twelve months. The

four in 1806 yielded 601,312*l.*, cleared out of the sale of 90,000 tickets, averaging 1*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* each. The sums named above only give the government profit; the contractors and lottery-office keepers also of course had their share. How the enlightened ministers of the time could reconcile to their consciences such a mode of raising money for state purposes as lotteries—knowing, as they must have done, what distress, crime, and demoralisation were caused thereby—is a problem which we are not called upon to solve. Perhaps we have a strong private opinion on the subject.

The continued complaints made concerning the evil effects of state lotteries at length induced the House of Commons to issue a commission of its members to receive evidence on the subject, and Mr. Whitbread, their chairman, presented their report in June, 1808. The examination of many able witnesses produced disclosures painfully interesting to read even at the present day. "Formerly," says one, "these evils used to occupy only forty-two days of drawing, and for a fortnight before the drawing began; but now these things are going forwards nearly all the year round." Again, speaking of the agents for the sale of tickets, he says: "The lottery now finds its way to villages; in the country it is confined to the shares, not to insurances. It extends to the labouring people, and raises a spirit of gambling where it was not before. . . . These agents are allowed on a whole ticket 1*s.*; on a half ticket 2*s.*; on a quarter of a ticket 1*s.* 6*d.*; on an eighth 1*s.*; and on a sixteenth of a ticket 6*d.*; together with all the charges and expenses they may be put to." It appeared that any person could become an agent throughout the country without any licence whatever. They, in fact, sold tickets by retail, receiving the commission above named from the great metropolitan licensed lottery-office keepers. The latter required a considerable capital to carry on their business, for the lowest annual expense of an office was at least 500*l.*

The following gives a pretty insight into the *modus operandi* of the sale and distribution of the tickets:—"In the present lottery, the chancellor of the exchequer sold the tickets at 17*l.* and a fraction. Those tickets were not intrinsically worth 10*l.* each. . . . Thus there is added 7*l.* on the true value of the ticket. The contractor sold it again to the licensed lottery-office keepers at 20*l.* 19*s.*, between 3*l.* and 4*l.* more than the contractor gave for it. The licensed office-keeper puts another profit on it, which, though small on whole tickets (only 1*s.*) yet, when divided again to different kinds of shares, gives 1*l.* more." The number of blanks compared to prizes was as three to one in the lottery in question. The highest prize was 20,000*l.*; several were 10,000*l.*; and so on down to the 15*l.* prizes. From another source we have derived a curious calculation of the odds against gaining any of these prizes (the lottery was in 1808). We find that the probability against gaining the highest prize was as 8332 to 1. The odds decreased down to 4 to 1 against the lowest prize, and even if one of the latter was won, the holder of the ticket, or of any portion of it (for the tickets were divided into sixteen portions in many cases), would not get back his money again, but only a part thereof.

The illegal system of *insuring* tickets appears to have been a fruitful source of crime and misery. Between 1793 and 1802, considerably more than a thousand persons were imprisoned for such offences. The London under-sheriffs gave startling evidence on the subject, and another witness proved that on one occasion a Mr. Wood "was seized with a sudden fit of severity, and, in the course of one term, he caused to be arrested (for the crime of insuring lottery tickets) by writs of *capias*, perhaps from 300 to 400 persons; who, with the exception of a very few, perhaps about twelve, were persons of the very lowest class of life, many of them married women, washerwomen, charwomen, and persons of that description; so that government necessarily had to pay to the solicitor of stamps heavy costs for having instituted so great a number of unproductive suits, and the treasury was greatly displeased. The poor were put into prison, and after remaining there, some a month, some two months, and some three months, and so on. . . . When the commissioners came to know what sort of wretched beings they had in prison, their humanity urged them to set them at liberty by degrees." We may add, that the lower orders bought two-thirds of all tickets.

One indirect source of profit to the government from lotteries was derivable from advertisement duties, stamps, postages, etc., in all producing a profit to the revenue calculated at 2*l.* per ticket. The state gained say 600,000*l.* (or, with the indirect profits, 750,000*l.*), by three annual lotteries, and, as clearly *proved* by the table before us (constructed by Mr. Baker, a magistrate perfectly well informed on the subject), to enable the state to gain that amount, the public *lost* the immense sum of 1,275,000*l.* This loss was made up by the cost of tickets, cost of illegal insurances, and the profits of the agents, contractors, office-keepers, etc. Mr. Baker's remarks are pungent and truthful. He says that "no revenue has been obtained to the state at half the expense, in point of pecuniary sacrifice to the public, independent of the excessive injury to the morals of the people, as lotteries in the manner they are now constituted. They have been a productive harvest to the most idle, the most profligate, and the most abandoned and depraved members of the community, many of whom have, through this medium, acquired princely fortunes within the last thirty years. These successes have stimulated others to follow the evil example; great capitals have been employed in the trade of illegal insurances, and long practice has enabled these mischievous agents to systematize their designs in so perfect a manner as to elude detection. Their profits on the money received during each lottery are estimated at 33½ per cent. clear of all expenses. From 7½ to 10 per cent. is generally allowed to *morocco men*,* who go about soliciting persons to insure. A very considerable portion of women who can write, and who know a little of figures, are employed in this nefarious trade; and when any of them are convicted and imprisoned, there is generally a stipulation with their principal that they shall be allowed two guineas per week during the term of their imprisonment."

* "Morocco men" were so called from carrying morocco pocket-books to enter down insurances.

As a general rule, whoever was so unfortunate as to once win a prize in a lottery was doomed to certain ruin. This may at first appear paradoxical, but it is easily explained. When an individual gained a prize (especially if one of magnitude), he would be so elated and so hopeful of a run of similar success, that he would become a confirmed gambler, and infatuatedly continue to speculate until reduced to beggary, or insanity, or suicide. We do not say this without good reason to know it is literally the fact. Doubtless, a few very rare instances have occurred of men having sufficient strength of mind and good sense to rest contented with winning their first large prize, but they only confirm the rule to the reverse. And even in the exceptional cases, it is a singular and instructive fact that money gained by a lottery-prize never seems to have prospered its envied possessor. It soon became dissipated or lost in one way or other. By the bye, our charming living authoress, Miss Mitford, tells us in her recent "Recollections of a Literary Life," how she once won a large sum in the lottery in her youth, and how her father speedily spent it, so that it did not much profit any of the family. We will give an example of the evil result of winning a prize in a lower rank of life. It is related by the magistrate before named. "I remember," says he, "one very strong instance of distress arising out of the transactions in the lottery. It was the case of a journeyman who belonged to a club, which club purchased a ticket that came up a great prize. The share of this man was 100*l.*, or thereabouts; he had been an industrious working-man before, and he was persuaded by his friends to invest the money in the stocks, in the joint names of himself and his wife, in order to prevent his making away with it. He did so, but he soon got into habits of idleness now he was possessed of the money, and he wanted his wife to join in the transfer of it. That occasioned quarrels, which proceeded to assaults; he changed his habits of industry to those of drunkenness and idleness, and destroyed all his domestic comforts. It was the ruin of the family." Thousands of families were similarly ruined.

Another short extract or two from the minutes of evidence before the parliamentary committee, and we quit their reports. "There is no circumstance which conduces so much as the lottery to make the lower orders of the people bad wives, bad husbands, bad children, and bad servants. I know no one thing which has been productive of so many evils, and of so much suicide as the lottery." And the Reverend Brownlow Ford, ordinary of Newgate, testifies thus: "When I have put the question to malefactors, 'What first drove you to crime?' the answer has been, 'It was the poverty from buying and insuring in the lottery.'" In sad verity, there is the clearest evidence that innumerable individuals of all ages, in all ranks of life, but mainly in the middle and the lower, were ruined irretrievably by lottery speculations. Wives robbed their husbands, apprentices their masters, children their parents, and parents their families, to try their fortune in the state lottery. The spirit of gambling was universally excited, and the report of each large prize having been won sent off thousands of eager dupes to invest their savings, or the fruit of their

speculations (as the case might be) in the purchase of a ticket, or the half, or quarter, or eighth, or sixteenth, according to their means. And who fostered this spirit of gambling? The government itself! Who was answerable, morally, for all the crimes, all the suicides, all the broken hearts, all the ruin, caused by these doings? The government itself! And how very short-sighted and foolish, even in a mere economical light, must the said government have been. For if, as we have shown, the utmost the national exchequer gained by state lotteries, directly and indirectly, in the space of a year, was not more than 700,000*l.*, or thereabouts, how much did the country lose in the shape of costs in prosecuting and punishing criminals who had become such solely through the demoralizing influence of the lotteries? We should suppose that the loss to the nation in this shape alone materially overbalanced the gain. But enough. State lotteries in this country attained their height of sinful and abominable prosperity in the good old times when George the Third was king, and we have given this sketch of them chiefly as an historical illustration of the social condition of the period. The gambling spirit so powerfully evoked by state lotteries is by no means extinct. It flourishes to this hour to an extent not generally known. Our rulers have wisely put down open betting-houses, but the writer has reason to fear that at present there is little real diminution of the evil sought to be extirpated.

THE WORLD'S TESTIMONY.

MANY hundreds of thousands on earth and in heaven now constitute the entire church which has been redeemed, and all come with the same language as to the power of the world to furnish enjoyment. They have turned away from the broken cisterns, and have come back to the fountain of living waters. . . . I see among them men with crowned heads, laying the diadem at the feet of the Redeemer, and exchanging their princely robes for the garments of salvation. I see men coming from the halls of splendour, and seeking for happiness in the religion of the Saviour. I see them come from the circles of the great, and the gay, and the rich, from the splendid party, the ball-room, and the theatre, and confessing that the happiness which they sought was not to be obtained there, and seeking it now in God. Satisfied now that the world cannot meet the desires of the immortal mind, they come back to their Maker, and find permanent bliss in the Christian hope of immortality. A recently deceased poet has beautifully expressed the feelings of them all, as they approach the cross:—

"People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me unto rest!

"Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign."

Poetry.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S FAREWELL.

To a clearer sky I am hasting forth,
For the wind breathes out from the chilly north;
The summer her loose flowing robe hath bound,
And is gathering fast her jewels around.

Her farewell tones are abroad in the land,
Out-calling to follow, her feath'ry band;
I shall pass with her o'er the deep's blue waves,
Where the mermaids dwell in the coral caves.

I shall light with her on the cedar boughs,
Where the morn is fragrant with Sharon's rose,
And the ivory brows of the maidens there
Peer out from the folds of their raven hair.

And I go where the fountains toss their spray
In the golden light of an orient day,
Where the gleam of the starry cross is high
In the deep still blue of the midnight sky.

Grim winter will soon in your woods alight,
And the loosen'd tempest arise in might;
Dim shadows will sit where the sunlight fell,
And the flowers lie dead in the lonely dell.

For me, I shall sing where the sward is seen
Outspread with the hues of a richer green;
Where the rivers pass in a mightier flow,
And the sun shines forth with a deeper glow.

And we, too, thou bird of the thrilling song,
To a sunnier clime are passing on;
By the grace of Him who guideth thy flight,
We'll gain the shore that no winter can blight.

MARY LEWIS.

THE SONG OF WINTER.

I've swept o'er the waves of the stormy main,
And the piping winds forth-herald my reign;
The flowers have all hid from my icy breath;
In the leafless groves is the hush of death.

My hand has been press'd on the summer's brow,
And her winding-sheet is a robe of snow;
Like funeral plumes do the tall trees nod,
And the clouds weep down on the scathed sod.

Ye may see my path o'er the wasted moor,
In the woodland haunts where the frost is hoar;
The joyous and bright have fled from my way,
And howling I sit, enthroned on decay.

I've added a shade to the brow of care,
And the desolate weep with a fresh despair;
I have pierced the close-curtain'd chamber through,
And the cheek of the sick has a deadlier hue.

Yet I come not in wrath o'er mead and hill,
Though my brow is rough and my hand is chill;
I light up the hearth where the toil-worn meet,
And kindly welcomes the wanderer greet.

And of treasures, too, I bring costly hoard,
When I spread the feast on my banquet-board;
And when the *long-parted* are gather'd there,
All bright in the smiles of gladness they wear.

Mine's the festive group and the merry glee,
Mine's the holy hymn and the carol free;
'Tis mine to enkindle the joys of home,
'Neath the straw-thatch'd cot and the regal dome.

For the tender buds I prepare the sap,
Till spring their delicate folds shall unwrap;
And know, wherever my sceptre I wave,
Will beauty ere long rise fresh from her grave.

Then, winter, we'll quail not to feel thee near,
Nor shrink from thy touch with a thrill of fear;
Though thy seal is on spring and brooklet now,
Thou makest the heart's warm waters to flow.

Thrice welcome, old winter, with cheerful song,
With the vig'rous nerve, and the pulse beating strong;
The joys that thou bring'st obey but thy call;
Endurance and faith thou teachest us all.

MARY LEWIS.

MOUNTAIN LESSONS.

I GAZED on the mountains in glory uprising,
Their pinnacles lost in the blue depth of sky,
And my wandering fancy went vaguely surmising
The truths they were meant to convey to the eye;
For never, I knew, was magnificence given,
A crown for the brow of this sin-stricken earth,
But to gladden man's soul with bright foretaste of heaven,
To type to the exile the land of his birth.

I saw how the loftiest summits are surest
The earliest snow to receive and retain,
While the hues of the lower seem richest and purest,
And the ripe bloom of autumn still mantles the plain.
I thought, it is thus that the heads we hold highest
Are snowed on the first by the rude breath of time,
And the hearts which are lifted in haughtiest pride
Oft are winter'd ere losing the light of their prime.

I marked when the uppermost peaks were still clouded,
All on through the sunniest hours of the day,
While the lower, though densely at times they were
shrouded,
Soon laughed as the breeze chased their shadows away
Often thus too I felt, on the great, the far-seeing,
Will the first morning cloud of life's sorrow remain,
While from lowlier minds the dim vapours are fleeing;
Though shadowed, they smile in the sunlight again.

From such teaching my spirit had turned in sadness,
When lo! the last day-streak was flushing the west
With a glorified hope of a morrow of gladness,
And I looked on one summit that tower'd o'er the rest.
Like a beacon-fire red was that pinnacle glowing,
The sun-beam still bright on its proud crest of snow,
While deeper the gloom of the twilight was growing
O'er mountain, and valley, and river below.

Ah! here, I exclaimed, is the glad lesson given—
Be my heart, my affection thus lifted on high,
And when slowly the sun of life's shadowy even
Goes down, and its last ray falls cold on the sky,
This heart, like yon mountain, shall glow with a splendour
Unknown to the earth-loving tenants of night,
And the radiance of grace, than morning's more tender,
Midst the darkening of nature shall clothe it with light.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

THAT hope be mine! that anchor of the soul,
Stedfast and sure, howe'er life's billows roll,
Which, grappling fast its unseen ground doth lie
Deep in the ocean of eternity;
And binds us to that blest and boundless shore,
Where the great Captain, landed safe before,
Now waits to welcome home each wave-worn bark:
—Oh, be that hope my anchor, heaven my mark!